Torches are made to light,iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſt, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappie plants to beare.
Things growing to themſelues,are growths abuſe,
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds,& beauty breedeth beauty:
Thou waſt begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue,when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou doeſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſſe ſtill is left aliue.

By this the loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweate,
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſooke them,
And *Titan* tired in the midday heate,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him,and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſprite,
And with a heautie, darke,diſliking eye,
His lowring browes orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapors when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheeks,cries fie,no more of loue,
The ſun doth burne my face,I muſt remoue.

Ay me,(quoth *Venus*) young, and ſo vnkinde,
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon?
Ile ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle winde,
Shall coole the heate of this deſcending ſun:
Ile make a ſhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burn too,Ile quench thē with my teares.

The ſun that ſhines frō heauen,ſhines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that ſunne and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,
Thine eye darts foorth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortall,life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly ſunne.

Art thou obdurate,flintie,hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth?
Art thou a womans ſonne and canſt not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee,but died vnkind.

What am I that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwelles vpon my ſute?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poore kis?
Speak faire,but ſpeak faire words,or elſe be mute:
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee againe,
And one for intreſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.